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GATHERING STONES FROM THE BEACH.

CARRYING STONES FROM BEACH TO TOP OF CLIFF.

'When Father is at Sea.'

('Sunday at Home.')

HOW SOME CHILDREN WORK.

The accompanying illustrations are from drawings made, within the last few years, at a primitive village on the East Coast of England. They show the efforts made by the children of the poor fisher-folk, says the artist, in helping to keep the pot boil.

BREAKING THE STONES FOR ROADS.

George Bowen, the 'White Yogi.'

(The Rev. J. Sumner Stone, M.D., in the 'Classmate.')

Two young men just landed from America on 'India's coral strand' started out to see the curiosities and celebrities of a great city on the shore of the Indian Ocean. There were monuments, temples and palaces by the score; there were princes and princelings, governors and generals and nabobs. But this morning we were hunting a prince, but not among palaces. So we picked our way through the crowded native district till we came to a broad street called Grant Road, and stopped in front of a low, one-storied building divided into narrow apartments, two rooms deep. This was the office of the Bombay 'Guardian' and the home of its editor and proprietor—one of the celebrities of India. Americans and English called him George Bowen; natives called him the 'White Yogi,' or white saint. To our timid knock the door opened and—I started. It was December, 1880, yet we seemed to be in the presence of a Huguenot, Geneva Calvinist, or Scotch Covenanter of the sixteenth century. The figure that greeted us might have been John Calvin or John Knox. Spare body, thin face, gray beard, narrow, high forehead, surmounted by rimless skull cap, thus the 'White Yogi' stood framed in the door bidding the strangers to enter.

How shall I picture to you that room? It was small, its furniture was of the plainest type and limited. The editorial table was a chaos of books, copy, manuscripts, and periodicals. Among the books, placed without order in the bookcases, I noticed a loaf of bread next to a dictionary, and a few bananas sharing a shelf with some works on theology and sociology. I realized that I was in the presence of a remarkable man, in the sanctum of one of the leading writers of the Indian empire, one of the most distinguished representatives of Christianity in the eastern world. At once there flashed into my mind the words of Jesus concerning John the Baptist: 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.'

George Bowen was a scholarly man; he was by birth and training a gentleman. He was widely read, widely travelled, a thoroughly trained man. When he wrote golden words flowed from his pen; gems of thought fell from his lips when he spoke. He had the brain of a philosopher, the soul of a poet, and the genius of a musician. I wish I could convey to you the impression produced by the strangely-gifted man when he sat down at the organ to let his fingers 'wander idly over the noisy keys.' He lived in poverty, yet he was rich—he had all that the millionnaire possesses—sufficient. He lived among the poorest of the people, was a comrade of the coolie, yet he was sought by the cultured and the noble.

When the Prince of Wales visited India, instructed by her majesty the queen-empress, he sent his chaplain, one of the distinguished bishops of the English Church, to pay royal courtesies to George Bowen. The herald of the English queen-empress was received in the same room and with the same unaffected cordiality that was extended to us.

Once a distinguished gentleman said to George Bowen. 'I have come and have breakfast with you.'

'Come and welcome,' replied the White Yogi.

When the noble guest arrived he was received into the little editorial sanctum and seated amid the confusion of books and papers before described. There were no signs of any breakfast. At last, when his appetite was beginning to call rather loudly for substantials, Mr. Bowen remarked: 'We would better break our fast.' He then set out a soap box, placed on it a loaf of bread, a bunch of bananas, a pitcher of water, two knives, and two glasses, and invited his guest to draw up and share his meal. There were no apologies. This was his daily fare. He counted it no discourtesy to share his ordinary meal with any man who might be his guest, be he bishop or beggar.

George Bowen might have lived better, if by better we mean more luxuriously. Forty years before he had chosen this style of liv-

ing, that he might get nearer the natives to whom he came as a representative of that One who 'though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor.' In 1848, a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, he gave up his salary, left the mission house, and went into the native quarter to live among the people. On one occasion a friend left him a bequest of ten thousand rupees. He at once gave the money to a congregation on the other side of India.

Several times, while he was absent from home, friends visited his quarters and straightened things up, replacing his native cot with a civilized bed with luxuries, in the way of sheets, quilts, pillows, curtains that enter into the make-up of an ideal bed. They spread a carpet or beautiful rug on his floor and added a comfortable rocking-chair to his study furniture. He would be delighted with the new 'fixin's;' but remembering some poor widow or unfortunate family, the comforts would find their way on errands of mercy, and George Bowen's den would swing back to its old condition.

The White Yogi differed from other saints of church and heathen history in many respects. He was not sour or sanctimonious. He was not austere or critical. He never complained of other people's style of living. He went, like Jesus, gladly to the feasts and festivals of rich and poor alike. In palace and hut George Bowen was always a welcome guest, ready by any means in his power to contribute to the joys of young and old.

He was not a monk in dress or manner. He was a brother among men of all degrees. He was an indefatigable worker, a student, a writer, a preacher, a missionary, a minister of Christ.

Nothing went on in the world—social, religious, or political—that escaped his notice. For nearly thirty years his journal spoke forth truths, commendations, admonitions, denunciations that men of all creeds and ranks in India gave heed to. His editorial sanctum could be an Olivet or a Sinai.

This remarkable man finished his fortieth year of work in India without a furlough or vacation. One evening, shortly after this fortieth anniversary, he was induced by two Christian ladies, medical missionaries, to come to their home for a day or two, on the ground that he was not well and needed a little home nursing. It seemed strange for him, but he yielded and allowed himself to be cared for by them, as if they were his daughters. Several times during the night these ministering spirits looked into his room. About six in the morning he opened his eyes and saw one of the sisters, and smilingly greeted her with a cheery 'Good morning!' At seven, when she came again, he was gone. The worn shell was lying on the cot like an abandoned chrysalis.

'Far far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
* * * * * * * *
Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

And Upbraideth Not.

If any man lack Wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.

(Mary Riggs Stevens.)

O sweetest words of courage
That bind my heart to Thee,
Whose promises of wisdom
I was too blind to see!
Till storm and fear of wreckage
Drove me fast-sailing home,
To grasp Thy hand outstretched,
And hear Thy tender—'Come!'

Secure in Thee I rested,
Nor tried my wings alone,
Till misspent time came mocking
Of harvests I had sown;
Then 'me with strength Thou girdedst
To make my perfect way.'
'Fear not thy little might so!
It shall be "as thy day."'

So day by day I'm living,
Content midst work and song;
With little care if this life
Be very short or long.
One life—in Him abiding—
And He appoints the spot.
Remorse and fear—I have none,
Since he 'upbraideth not.'

The Astonished Infidel Club.

(E. Payson Hammond, in the 'Light in the Home.')

Certain Union meetings the Y.M.C.A. Hall, London, brought together large audiences, and the reports in the papers arrested the attention of an Infidel Club. Hundreds were convicted of sin and brought to Christ. The club sent one of its trusted henchmen to find out about the so-called 'awakening,' and to bring a report to them. They were then determined to expose the whole fallacy of the movement, and to show what fools the people were to attend, or allow their children to attend, such servies.

And now let me tell you in substance the words of this man who, a few weeks after, at another meeting in London, gave his testimony as to what he had seen and believed.

'I was appointed from our club to visit Finsbury Park Hall during the special mission conducted by Mr. Hammond. The first night I sat in the rear of the hall, with the curl of derision on my lip and the look of scorn on my face. My note-book became full of sarcasm and indignation that so many could be stupidly fooled. But, determining to find out everything I could, and to gain fresh points for myself and allies, I took a seat one night near the front and alongside of a little fellow of ten summers. Mr. Hammond made an earnest appeal to all who would become Christians to pray just where they were. To my astonishment, the boy by my side dropped on his knees immediately, and with tears sought the help of the Saviour.

'Mr. Hammond then asked all of the adults to help any that needed counsel, and to pray and speak with the anxious.

'In order to further carry out my instructions, and to show it was all a farce, I knelt by the side of this weeping boy. Supposing I was a Christian, he said, "Oh, sir, won't you pray for me?" This was more than I could stand, and I got up from my knees and fled quickly from the hall. I saw there was a power in that meeting new to me, and I at once found myself fighting something within. There seemed a dreadful warfare between two different persons. Then, for the first time, I realized what it was to be in the hands of a just God. My agony of soul I can never describe. The conflict between light and darkness was one of terrible fierceness. The natural man struggled against the Spirit, and it seemed as if I should lose my reason. But I gave myself to Christ, as many children and adults had done in those meetings. But then came a worse fight than that between the natural and spiritual man. For the first time it dawned upon me that I had to make my report to the club. I asked, "Does my newfound religion demand that I should report accurately what I have seen and felt?" I saw there was no other way. So I resolved to report in person, and gave them substantially this report:—

'"Gentlemen,—

'"At your request, I attended the meetings of the Rev. E. Payson Hammond at Finsbury Park Hall. Three nights were passed in secret exultation, thinking it was all a mockery. But I found out my fearful mistake." As I spoke thus, a deathlike pallor overspread their faces. "Not only is the work real and the conversions are genuine, but I, too, am convinced of the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have accepted him as my Saviour. God has not only been working through these meetings, so that children are moved, but men and women, young men and maidens, have found that their crying need is to have their hearts changed through faith in the Son of God, who came to seek and to save the lost. I rejoice that I sought forgiveness through faith in his finished work."

'You may imagine,' said the speaker in his closing words, 'what a fearful revelation this was to them! If a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, there could scarcely have been greater consternation; and then, as the facts loomed before them, after a moment's silence like that of the grave, followed by oaths and bitter denunciations, stigmatizing me as one of the worst of all these canting hypocrites, with force they ejected me into the street; but in my great joy of having found my Saviour, I returned to my home, happy in the love of Christ.'

I pray that the readers of these lines may have such faith in the power of Christ and him crucified, and may so present him to unbelievers and infidels, that they shall feel their hearts drawn out in love to him.

I Wonder Why.

Not very long ago a vessel containing numerous passengers was exposed to a violent storm. The waves rose higher and higher, the vessel was tossed by their violence hither and thither, until at last she struck against a rock and was dashed to pieces. A young man on board had his skull seriously injured and his face very much hurt. When they were removing him, in a dying condition as it seemed, into a boat to be conveyed to the shore, he calmly looked up and said:

'Tell my friends not to trouble about me; I am safe in the hands of Jesus my Saviour.'

On landing at Plymouth he was taken to a hospital there in preference to his home. For days and nights he suffered agonies. When, at last, he was recovering and able to converse, he said to the matron, who was sitting by his bedside:

'I wonder why God has allowed me to suffer all this—such pain as I have gone through; I don't know what it has been for.'

'Oh, don't you?' asked the matron. 'Then I do. Shall I tell you?'

'Yes,' replied the young man, 'do.'

'Well, then, your coming to this hospital has been the means of bringing me to Jesus. I can now say that he is my Saviour.'

God sends us trials that we may be blessings to others, and also to bring us nearer to himself.—'Word and Work.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the isle of What's-the-use,
Where slipshod point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The Land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully!

When girls and boys their tasks would slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't Care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow!'

But when in after life they longed
To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find success ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the Land of Anyhow.

—Australian Christian World.'

He Loved His Mother.

The following is a sketch, full of touching interest, of a little ragged newsboy who had lost his mother. In the tenderness of his affection for her he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory.

His mother and he had kept house together and they had been all to each other, but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. Getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small; but love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too expensive for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the remains of an accident in the yard, and which the proprietor kindly named at such a low ngure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the brave little chap was equal to it.

The next day he conveyed the stone away on a little four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. The narrator, curious to know the last of the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned.

'"Here it is," said the man in charge, and sure enough, there was our monument, at the head of one of the newer graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you, boys, when I saw it there was something blurred my eyes, so's I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is; but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it:

MY mOTHER
SHEE DIED LAST WEAK
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE
SED SHEAD Bee WaITING FuR—

and here, boys, the lettering stopped. After a while I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.

'"Not much," he said, "not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from the church that had buried the mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. The boy had sold all his papers one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just above the crossing, and—well—he was run over, and lived but a day or two. He had in his hand, when he was picked up, an old file sharpened down to a point, that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying, 'I didn't get it done; but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me,' and boys, he died with those words on his lips."'

When the men in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy, the next day they clubbed together, got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the newsboy (which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday-school which the little fellow attended), and underneath it the touching words: 'He loved his mother.'

When the stone was put up, the little lad's Sunday-school mates, as well as others were present, and the superintendent, in speaking to them, told them how the boy had loved Jesus and tried to please him, and gave utterance to this high encomium: 'Scholars,' said he, 'I would rather be that brave, loving, little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than to be a king of the world, and not love and respect my mother.' That newsboy has left a lesson to the world.—'The Sunday-School Worker.'

Questions for Boys and Girls to Think About.

If you are good at guessing or answering, here are a few questions you can wrestle with: You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt?

How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for?

Why does a horse eat grass backwards and a cow forward?

Why does a hop vine wind one way and a bean vine the other?

Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why?

Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot?

How old must a grape vine be before it begins to bear?

Can you tell why leaves turn upside down just before rain?

What wood will bear the greatest weight before breaking?

Why are all cowpaths crooked?—'Wesleyan Advocate.'

The Old Musician.

Charles Francis Gounod, whose loss the musical world so deeply mourns possessed a kind heart as well as the genius of a great composer. The following story told of him has the merit of being strictly true in every detail.

On Christmas evening, 1837, an old man with a stout stick walked slowly through the most fashionable quarter of Paris. His right arm pressed to his side an oblong object wrapped in a chequered cotton handkerchief. He was thinly clad, shivering, and emaciated. He was buffeted about by the skurrying crowds, apparently at a loss which way to turn. He untied the chequered handkerchief and disclosed a violin and bow. He raised the instrument and started to play a sentimental strain, but the result was only harsh and inharmonious sounds. The street gamins chaffed him. With a sob he sank down upon the steps, resting the instrument upon his knees. 'My God!' he cried, 'I can no longer play!'

Three young men came down the street, all singing a tune then popular among the students of the Conservatoire de Musique. One of them accidentally knocked off his hat, and a second stumbled against his leg. The bareheaded old violinist rose proudly to his feet.

'Pardon, monsieur,' said the third man. 'I hope we did not hurt you.' The speaker picked up the old man's hat.

'No,' was the bitter answer.

The young man saw the violin.

'You are a musician?'

'I was one.' Two great tears trickled down the old man's cheeks.

The old man faltered for a moment, then held out his hat to them.

'Give me a trifle for the love of God. I can no longer earn anything by my art. My fingers are stiff, and my daughter is dying of consumption and want.'

Down in his pocket went each one of the trio. They were but poor students, and the result was only sixteen sous. This was the combined capital of the two. The third had only a cake of resin.

'This won't do,' declared the one who had apolcgized for the accident. 'We want more than that to relieve our fellow artist. A puli together will do it. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I go all around with the hat.'

A ringing laugh was the answer.

They pulled their hats over their faces and turned up their coat-collars to avoid recognition. Adolphe took the violin from the man's trembling hands. Gustave straightened out his shoulders. In another moment the first notes of the 'Carnival de Venice' were floating out upon the night air. Such masterful music did not customarily come from the instruments of street players. Windows of the palatial houses flew up, and heads were thrust out of the openings. Strollers coming down the street stopped, and those who had gone on retraced their steps. Soon a good-sized crowd had gathered. Gustave sang the favorite cavatina from 'La Dame Blanche' in a manner that held the audience spell-bound. It 'rained money' when the song was finished.

'One more tune,' whispered the treasurer of the enterprise. 'Bring out those bass notes of yours, Adolphe. I'll help you out with the baritone part, Gustave, my brave tenor. We'll finish up with the trio from "Guillaume Tell." And mind, now, we're singing for the honor of the Conservatoire as well as for the sake of a brother artist.'

The young men played and sang as probably they never played and sang in their after life. The most critical of the audience were enthralled.

Life came back to the old man. He grasped his stick, and adapting it as a baton, used it with the air of one having authority. He stood transfixed when they had done; his face lightened up, his eyes glistened.

The proceeds of the entertainment netted five hundred francs. Many of the wealthy listeners had thrown gold pieces into the old battered hat.

Then they gave him back his hat and its contents, and wrapped up the instrument in the old chequered handkerchief.

'Your names, your names,' the old man gasp-

ed. 'Give me your names that I may bless them on my death-bed.'

'My name is Faith,' said the first.

'And mine Hope,' said the second.

'And mine Charity,' said the treasurer of the enterprise.

'You do not even know mine,' continued the old man, regaining his voice. 'Ah, I might have been an imposter, but I am not. My name is Chapuce. For ten years I directed the orchestra of the opera at Strasburg. It was I who led in "Guillaume Tell." Since I left my native Alsace misfortune has followed me. With this money my daughter and I can go to the country, and there she will regain her health, and I shall find a place to teach when she can no longer perform. You—all of you—will be truly great.'

'Amen!' was the hearty response of the students, as they shook the good man's hand.

Despite their attempt at disguising, the young men had been recognized by one who afterward told the tale.

They were known to fame in later years as Gustave Roger, the great tenor, Adolphe Herman, the great violinist, and Charles Gounod, the great composer.

So the old man's prophecy was fulfilled.—'The Pacific.'

A Boy's Hobby.

Many years ago a boy who lived in the far West of America was suddenly thrown on his own resources by the death of his parents. Hiring himself out to a farmer, his eye chanced upon the statement that every man should know something about everything and also be a specialist in addition to his occupation.

The next morning the boy decided to make the idea his own, and because the willow was the tree that was nearest him, he decided to become an expert upon willows. He found willows that were red and willows white, and willows gray, and willows yellow, and willows blue; willows that stood up straight, and willows that bowed themselves down weeping. He collected choice specimens of willow seeds and leaves and exchanged with agriculturists in all parts of America. Then he gathered specimens of willows from China and Japan, from England and Russia.

The time came when teachers of forestry in lands beyond the sea sent to this farmer some strange specimens of the willow for examination and classification. He lived and died a farmer, but if his occupation confined him to his fields and meadows, his hobby made narrowness impossible, broadened the scope of his study and observation, lent him sympathy and made him friends in all the countries of the earth.

There is not a single representative of the flowers or trees or insects or birds that is not waiting for some farmer's boy to inspect it, and in doing so the youth who has thought himself cabined and confined will find that he has become the child of liberty and at last his feet are in the pathway that leads to growth and happiness.—Exchange.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Hester's Adoption.

(S. E. Stoever, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

One might as well tell the truth, Hester Scott was not interested in missions. Why had Miss Delia asked her to meet the train?

It was the last Saturday in October, and the next evening the Moorestown Missionary Society would celebrate its fourteenth anniversary. Pains had been taken to make this an interesting occasion. The Children's Band had prepared a bright dialogue. The boys had practiced faithfully their double quartet. The programme committee had had its last meeting and sent the typewritten copy to the president. The only thing remaining was to meet the speaker. Hester Scott had undertaken this duty. Now she was wondering why she had, and, as she drove alone to the station, there were four miles for consideration.

'It's rather inconsistent for me to be running after the missionary woman, when I'm not even a member of the society. Why didn't Miss Delia ask some other body? What shall I talk about as we climb the hills? I hope to goodness she won't ask if I'm a member or inquire about the subject.'

As the train drew up to the station, Hester, from the platform, wondered which might be the speaker—the middle-aged woman in black, or the younger woman in gray. The matter was soon settled, as some man carried off the former to his carriage, and Hester, advancing, said to the other traveller:

'Is this Miss Logan?'

'Yes,' answered the stranger, in a sweet voice, 'and you, I fancy, are the kind friend who has volunteered to meet me.'

Hester wasn't sure that 'volunteered' exactly described the condition, but replied:

'Miss Trueman said you would come on this train. I have left the horse at the other side of the station. Will you mind coming with me?'

Soon the two ladies were jogging along comfortably behind the sturdy bay.

Hester forgot her misgivings. Her companion proved different from expectation. Miss Logan admired the horse, discussed driving, appealed to Hester for her opinion, saw the beauties of the charming country, recalling some favorite spot in faraway travel—in short, was bright, humorous and entertaining, so that Hester had quite forgotten the Missionary Society, until Miss Logan remarked:

'I am so pleased to visit Moorestown, not only to be with my friend, Miss Trueman, but to meet the young ladies who are such a delight and comfort as missionary helpers. The young people are my charge in the Synodical Social Society, so you will not wonder that I hold their interest and friendship especially dear.'

Outspoken and conscientious Hester was about to say, 'But I am not a member,' when a sudden shying of the horse took all her thought, and then a question from Miss Logan set the subject aside until Miss Trueman's home was reached.

The smiling hostess came forward with a cordial welcome.

'You must come in, too, Hester. Several of the girls will be here for supper. I knew nothing would make Miss Logan so happy as to meet some of our girls.'

Again Hester felt she ought to disclaim a right to the 'our,' but Miss Trueman seemed to have adopted her.

'Of course you will wish first to drive the horse into the stable and let your mother know.'

'Does Miss Scott live far away?' inquired Miss Logan, as the carriage turned around.

'Oh, no, just down at the corner.'

Hester was quickly back, and a merry hour followed in the enjoyment of Miss Trueman's supper, and the flow of good comradeship. All this was safely over and no pointed question had been put to Hester.

She listened with interest and felt a pride in the creditable way in which the programme went off. 'Pretty good for a country church, I may as well enjoy the reflected light and palm off for a missionary enthusiast.' Hester inwardly smiled at the thought. It must be worth while, or why would that city speaker, looking as if she knew what was what, and Miss Trueman, whose good sense and ability they all knew so well, take so much time to try to get people into the Missionary Society.

After the service Miss Trueman came to Hester and drew her aside.

'May I impose on you, my dear? Harry Hughes was to have driven Miss Logan to the train to-morrow morning, and now word has come that he is down with the measles. I scarcely know where to turn, unless you would be so good as to help me out.'

'Why, I'd be delighted, Miss Delia. Don't you worry any more about it. What hour did you say?'

'The train leaves at ten.'

'Very well, I 'll come at nine. We can easily drive the four miles in an hour and have time to spare.'

'Perhaps I'm in for it, after all,' added Hester, mentally, when she had time to reflect.

The morning was beautiful, bracing, and lighted up by the brilliant foliage. Hester found herself stimulated by the lady at her side, and, losing self-consciousness, proved an entertaining companion.

'Do tell me,' at last said the visitor, 'how Miss Trueman reaches your young people and trains them to love our work and contribute their interesting part. It is wonderful—away off from the railway, without the opportunities that city people continually have to meet foreign missionaries and get ideas from other workers.'

'Yes, do you think so?' answered Hester, not knowing what to say.

'I certainly do,' remarked Miss Logan, with emphasis. 'I think I'll confide a little plan that is not fully matured.'

It was becoming somewhat embarrassing.

'I have been thinking of asking some of the young ladies to help in spreading our organization.'

Hester was wondering how much interest she ought to manifest.

'My plan is to get the girls to interest other girls in neighboring churches—sometimes to go with me on my visits, or to write letters, and, in this way, lead others to be as devoted to the work. You would be willing, wouldn't you?'

There was a moment of silence. Then Hesten gave a little laugh, and said, 'I'm afraid you have mistaken your girl.'

'No, I am sure you can do it.'

'Indeed, it's not in my line,' protested Hester.

'But to any one so interested it will not be hard. I'll explain every step.'

After waiting for Hester to break the silence, Miss Logan continued:

'You may expect to hear from me as soon as the plans are perfected.'

It was getting worse and worse. Why not come out with the truth, no matter how embarrassing.

'I may as well confess, I have been sailing under false colors,' said Hester, with a flushed face, 'or rather the colors are all right and I am at fault. I am not even a member of the Missionary Society. It looks awfully mean,

as if I had been trying to make you think I was a high cockle-orum.' The girl's voice trembled. She had always railed against pretense, and prided herself on being straightforward.

'Why, my dear girl, you have been doing the work of a member, even if your name is not on the roll. Perhaps you have some good reason for not having joined the Society. Each one must judge what is best for herself. I am sure you have been doing missionary work taking this long drive twice and giving so much of your precious time.'

'Oh, don't mention it!' protested Hester.

Just then a whistle was heard. 'I believe that is your train,' exclaimed Hester. 'Why, our clock must be slow.'

There was just time to reach the station, and see the visitor on the train. In the haste nothing more was said about the Missionary Society, but Miss Logan's cordial hand grasp and thanks showed she cherished no grudge.

That evening Hester Scott gave her name to the secretary of the Young People's Missionary Society and paid her first quarter's dues.

Miss Trueman's letter received a fortnight later by Miss Logan contained two interesting lines: 'You may never know how much your visit has helped us. The young people enjoyed meeting you, and Hester Scott has joined the Society.'

For Mother.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious, golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were his only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear, and looked at it, and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit out a tiny piece near the stem. Then with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty little blouse.

'Why don't you eat it, Tony?' demanded a watchful acquaintanace.

'Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?'

The tone with its mingling of resentment and loyalty made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked, and it seemed to be nearly everything, he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson; he held another dearer than self, and knew the joy of sacrifice.—'Baptist Young People.'

Get Your Rights.

A good many boys don't get their rights. They do not get what belongs to them. I believe in standing up for a boy's rights. Let me tell you what some of them are.

First, a boy has a right to a strong body. Anything that others do to prevent this, or that he does to hinder it, is a wrong to a boy.

Second, a boy has a right to a clear, strong brain. This means that he has a right to study.

Third, a boy has a right to tools. He deserves to have his fingers educated. He has a right to work.

Fourth, a boy has a right to friends—friends that will make him more manly. Because it helps friendships as well as bodily strength, he has a right to play.

Fifth, a boy has a right to character. He has a right to be measured not by what he can earn, but by what he can be. There is no limit set to a boy on his upper side.

Isn't it queer that there are boys who speak of school, hard work, and habits that help the strength of body as 'wrongs?'

Be sure you get your rights.—'Evangelical Visitor.'

Look Up, My Boy.

There is a hope in the world for you and me;
There is a joy in a thousand things that be
There is fruit to gather from every tree
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are care and struggle in every life;
With temper and sorrow the world is rife;
But no strength cometh without strife;
Look up, my boy, look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill;
There's work to do with an iron will—
The river comes with a tiny rill;
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,
For a purpose in life will make you strong;
Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song;
Look up, my boy, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right;
And have the courage, as in God's sight,
To do what your hands find with your might;
Look up, my boy, look up!

—Selected.

Somebody Must Pull.

There were three little girls on the sidewalk, and they had just one waggon between them. The waggon wasn't between them, of course, it was all the waggon they had, and they were all in it. One girl sat in the middle, with her feet curled up like a tailor; another sat in front, with her feet hanging out, and the third one sat behind, with her feet touching the ground. She was pushing a little, but they were not going ahead very fast. After a moment one of the girls jumped out, and it was plain that they had come to the very sensible conclusion that if they would go ahead faster, somebody must pull. They all wanted to ride, but when all tried to ride the waggon stood nearly still; when they all pulled the waggon went ahead very easily and very fast. But it didn't take them long to learn that, whether or not all pulled, somebody must pull if they would go ahead.

There are a good many people who like to ride. You will find them at home, find them at school, find them in the world, find them even in the church. At home the people who like to ride will enjoy a good dinner as much as anybody else, but they don't like to get it ready or wash the dishes after it is done. They enjoy company, but they don't enjoy sweeping and dusting before and afterward. They enjoy a warm fire, but they don't like to cut or carry kindlings. So there are lots of people who enjoy a picnic, but they really don't enjoy taking care of the horses or doing other hard work. They like to coast down hill, but they don't want to help the sled up hill. Indeed, I might go on at great length to illustrate how many people there are who are willing to ride, but not very willing to pull.

Sometimes it happens that the whole family insists upon riding. And so the house goes undusted and unswept, the dishes go unwashed, and very soon the waggon of domestic life comes to a standstill, or nearly so. Sometimes the family lets one member do all the pulling while the others all ride. And then again there are happy families where they all pull, either together or by turns, and the waggon goes easily and is a burden to none. The father works and the mother works, and the children work, and everybody takes a tug at the waggon, and so the wheels go rolling rapidly and smoothly along. If the waggon goes at all, somebody has got to pull. That is true of the home and true of the church and true of the whole wide realm of life. If the pastor does all the pulling, the church won't go ahead very fast; if all pull together, the work is easy and prosperous.

This would be a pretty poor world if everybody piled into the waggon and nobody pulled, and it would be a much pleasanter world than it is if everybody would lend a hand and pull his best. Be sure that you do your share. Don't be content to lie on your back with your feet over the sides and let somebody else do all the work. Do your part whether somebody else does his or not. And perhaps if you stop grumbling at someone else, and get out and pull, your example will bring some other folks to their feet, and help them to do their part.

A Boy's Mistake.

On the station platform two men stood waiting for their train. Another man, with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, was passing, on his way to work. He was not more than fifty or fifty-five years old, but his gait was stiff and labored, and there was a pronounced stoop in the figure. His overalls, once brown, were lime-bleached and faded to a soft 'old rose,' and bagged dejectedly at the knees. The face under the weather-beaten hat was stolid and listless.

As he clumped along in his heavy cowhide boots, he apparently embodied that most persistent and most pathetic figure, which mediaeval Europe called the serf and more modern Europe calls the peasant, and which the census enumerator of the present day, in this country sets down as 'unskilled labor.'

The elder of the two men on the platform pointed the man out to his companion.

'That man and I were schoolmates,' he said. 'He was not dull at his books, and ought to have made a better condition in life for himself.'

'What's the matter with him? Does he drink?' asked the younger man.

No. Nothing of that kind has ever hindered him. Let me tell you his story: When he was about fifteen years old he was offered a dollar a day to dig a cellar. This seemed large wages to him, and he left school and took the job. He was proud of his size and strength, and the offer made him feel so independent that he rather looked down on the rest of us boys. He never went back to school. He found work to do that required no skill or technical knowledge—only muscle used under an overseer's direction—and he kept at it.

'I remember Judge Hartley, one of the school committee, met John—his name is John Saunders—and said to him: "My boy, you're making a great mistake and doing a very foolish thing. If you must work, why don't you learn a trade?"

'"I'd have to give my time for three or four years for nothing. What would be the use of that? I'm as strong as a man, and I'm getting a man's wages now,' said John.

'"Strong!" said the judge. "Are you as strong as my horses? They work for their keep, but I have to pay the man that drives

them $30 a month besides his keep, and the man who shoes them gets $3 a day. If it is strength that counts for so much, I wonder the horses don't strike and look for a job laying brick or carpentering."

'But John thought the judge was only joking. He couldn't see why he should give his time learning a trade or some profitable business, and work for nothing, as he said, when he could work for wages, so he went his own way.'

'There are thousands like him,' said the other man. 'They never learn to do any kind of business, and never seem to realize that the reason the trained blacksmith or skilled carpenter or the salesman gets higher wages than they do is because he has given time to learning how to use his head, as well as his feet and his hands. If boys would only keep this important fact in mind, that muscle, mere physical muscle, is always one of the cheapest things in the labor market, and that so far as price is concerned it matters little whether a man furnishes it or a horse, there would be fewer men classed as "unskilled laborers." '—'Classmate.'

Odd Minutes.

'Dear me,' said Sue, 'isn't it mean that there's not time for things?'

'For what?' asked a tiny, white haired lady, tilting her head on one side like a bird to see if a bit of pink muslin looked well beside a brown gingham triangle.

'I mean extras,' said Sue, settling herself on the rug in front of the crackling fire. 'Of course, I have to get my lessons and practise and do my part of the housework; but these are things I want to do, and plan to do, and don't do.'

The grandmother had decided that the brown gingham needed something brighter than pink, so she was busily hunting for a bit of scarlet. 'Odds and ends, odds and ends,' she murmured.

Sue thought her grandmother might pay attention, and she went on in a louder tone. 'Now, I decided Sunday to run in and see old Mrs. Williams, and write to Pauline to keep her from being homesick at boarding-school, and lend Nell some of my birthday books; and here it is Saturday, and I've not done any of them only regular things.'

'What time was it when you began to talk to me?' asked the grandmother.

'Twelve, I think.'

'And now it is—'

'Ten minutes past.'

'Could you write one page of a letter to Pauline in ten minutes?'

'Oh, two; I write awfully fast, and—'

'Odds and ends of cloth make a quilt,' said the grandmother, softly, 'and odds and ends of time can be patched up very nicely, too.'

'Oh,' laughed Sue, running to the desk; 'there are still ten minutes before dinner.'—Francis Weld Danielson, in the 'Morning Star.'

A Sermon Without a Text

While at a station recently I had a little sermon preached in the way I like, and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, cold day. The train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the storm again.

She returned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, 'Have you lost anything, ma'am?'

'No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres.'

'Here it is;' and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

'Well, now is not that nice?' said the old woman, spreading her ragged mitten to dry. 'Thank you, dear; this is comfortable, isn't it? I'm mos' froze to-day, bein' lame and wimbly, and not selling much makes me kind of downhearted.'

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, 'Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this.'

'Sakes alive! do they give tea in this depot?' cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go around the room, touching the gloomiest face like a stream of sunshine. 'Well, now, this is jest lovely,' said the old lady, sipping away with a relish. 'This does warm my heart.'

Whilst she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old lady got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic, neither are cups of tea, bootlaces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman.

But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from 'comforting the heart' of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.—Louisa M. Alcott.

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Best Business Man.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York 'Tribune,' was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put into the hands of his clerks for a business handbook. He recommended 'The Book of Proverbs,' and the man went to the Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give here below a few samples out of the book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.

A soft tongue breaketh the bone.

Labor not to be rich.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Buy the truth and sell it not.

Look not upon the wine when it is red.

A faithful witness will not lie.

The borrower is servant to the lender.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.—'American Boy.'

Don't Shrink.

There's a world to save from woe,
Don't shrink.
Firmly, bravely, onward go,
Don't shrink.
There are battles to be won,
There is hard work to be done,
Come and help us every one,
Don't shrink.

—W. A. Eaton.

What a Boy Did.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a nice stream, or a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farmhouse; and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a pail and stood directly before him.

'What do you wish, my boy?' said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

'Would your horse like a drink, sir?' said the boy, respectfully.

'Indeed he would, and I was wondering just where I could get it.

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished when he refused it.

'I would like you to take it,' he said, looking at the boy.

'No, thank you,' said the boy, 'I don't want it. You see, sir, the distance from Painsville is eight miles, and there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and I like to water the horses.'

Mr. Harvey looked into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good, and a moisture gathered in his own, as he jogged off pondering deeply on the quaint little sermon that had been given so innocently and unexpectedly.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Raindrops' Journey.

'Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree,
A cloud they had for a carriage,
Their horse a playful breeze,
And over land and country
They rode awhile at ease.

'But ah! they were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling,
These frightened little folk.
And through the moss and grasses,
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.'

—Exchange.

How They Camped Out.

(Alix Thorn, in 'Youth's Companion')

Pound, pound, thump, thump! A little camp was being made in the hemlock grove half-way up the hill, while two excited little boys watched the preparations, and did their best to help. What joy to sleep on a bed of fragrant, springy boughs, while the cool night wind blew around them! They could hardly wait for the time to come.

You see, papa and Uncle Frank had just returned from a camping trip in the Adirondacks, and as soon as Dick and his boy friend, Tom White, heard the delightful experiences they were most anxious to have a camp of their own, and sleep in the big out of doors, far from any cottage. Mamma herself made them some warm woollen sleeping-bags that were to be drawn up to the sunburned necks, leaving out only the curly heads.

That same evening Uncle Frank walked to the camp with the little boys, to see that they were comfortably fixed for the night. He spread the spicy boughs evenly, gave a final pat to the woolly bags, and, blowing out the lantern, left them with only the bright, far-off stars to watch over two happy little lads.

Presently something stirred lightly the green carpet; a soft sound broke the stillness not unlike a baby brook singing over the pebbles. Then it became a plain purr, and, behold! there were three campers. It was the black kitten, which followed Uncle Frank from the cottage, and now settled down very comfortably between the sleeping-bags, not meaning, evidently, to desert his two good friends.

Did they lie awake long, listening to the noises of the wood? I think not, for the very first thing they knew it was daylight, and the east was brightening with the glory of sunrise. They straightway hurried to their separate cottages, where they awakened their sleepy friends to tell them they had slept splendidly, and wanted to spend 'most every night' out of doors.

Sure enough, the very next evening, soon after sunset, two little figures might have been seen making their way up the hill toward the woods.

'Pooh!' said Dick, in a very big voice, 'I don't care if Uncle Frank couldn't come with us to-night. I guess we know everything about camping by this time.'

'Oh, yes,' replied Tom, as he strode along, swinging his lantern. 'I'm sure there aren't any strange animals in these woods.'

'Tom,' continued Dick boldly, 'it takes a good deal to frighten me. You couldn't tell me a story that would make me afraid. When I was eight, last summer, I wouldn't have come way up here to sleep. You see, I'm nine now.'

Longer grew the shadows. The lights began to twinkle in the cottages at the foot of the hill. The little camp became strangely quiet; it had grown quite dark. In the silence the two boys crept into their sleeping-bags. Queer how different the camp looked by night! In the bright sunshine this morning it seemed so very near home; now there was such a long, dark space between their friends and themselves.

'I keep thinking, Tom,' said Dick, 'about that book I had for Christmas, 'Wild Animals I Have Known'—some kind of frightening stories in there. Do you own that book?'

No answer from the little form at his side. Tom had fallen asleep, to dream, perhaps, of wild animals he did not want to know. Oh, would he, himself, ever go to sleep? Dick shut his brown eyes tightly and listened to the lonely murmur of the wind in the trees. What strange cracklings came from the deeper woods above them! Oh, for the sociable black pussy!

Well, it would be morning very soon. They must have been in bed hours already. What was his mother doing? Perhaps thinking of her little boy. Perhaps. A strange choking feeling came into Dick's throat. He turned and shook Tom vigorously.

'Tom,' he said, in an uncertain voice, 'Tom, I don't feel good, I don't. I've got a queer pain in my chest; and, when I have it, I must always see my mother.'

'Is it very bad?' asked Tom's sleepy voice.

'Awful!' in a hoarse whisper. 'I'm going home.'

'So am I, then,' chimed in the other bold camper. Hastily pulling off the sleeping-bags, and pulling on sweaters, they lighted the big tin lantern, and were soon stumbling over sticks and stones on their homeward way. They separated at the grassy lane, Tom turning in, and Dick, minus the lantern, keeping on down to his cottage.

Softly opening the front door, he entered the hall. But what did this mean? The living-room was lighted. Was baby sick? And there sat mamma, reading by the open fire, looking dearer than ever in her pretty white gown.

'Why, my little camper!' she exclaimed. 'Home again?' And Dick, with both sturdy arms around her, told her all.

'O wise mamma! O understanding mamma! How comforting to a small son to learn that she had been thinking and wishing for him just at the time that he had been thinking and wishing for her! It was well that he came back to this lonely little mother of his.

Just as she tucked him up in his own soft bed Dick opened drowsy eyes to ask:

'And isn't it most morning, mamma?' And, smiling mamma answered:

No, dear, no. It's nearly nine o'clock.'

The Goat-Cart.

(By Susan L. Bacon, in 'The Sunday-School Messenger.')

'Dick Meade's got a goat cart,' said Harry one day when he came in from school, 'and he's so mean he won't lend it to any of us. He's dreadful stingy.'

'But I thought you boys didn't like Dick!' said mamma.

'Well, we didn't. He isn't jolly to play with a bit; never wants to do things we want to do. But now he's got a number one goat cart, I can tell you.'

'Well if you didn't treat him nicely you can't expect him to lend it to you,' said mamma.

Harry did not say anything. He knew all the boys in school had been very unkind to Dick Meade just because, though he was older and taller, he had never been to school before, and they had made a great deal of fun of him.

But now they all wished they had a goat cart like his. Nearly every day Harry had something new to tell mamma about Dick.

'His goat just goes like a pony, and his name is Jake and he eats everything, but Dick don't let us touch him he's so mean.'

Mamma smiled but did not say anything.

One afternoon she sent Harry and his little sister Hattie to the village on an errand.

'Take good care of Hattie,' she said, 'and be very careful with her.'

Hattie was delighted to go, and trotted off holding Harry's hand.

When they reached the main street there were so many gay things in the windows to look at, that they stopped very often. Presently they came to a window where there was such an odd, mechanical toy, and Harry stopped a long time to look at it. He was so intent that he did not notice that Hattie was not by him, until all at once he heard a scream.

Hattie had wandered some distance up the street, and in trying to climb up to look in a window, she had fallen on the pavement. She was crying terribly.

'I've broke my foot,' she said, when Harry came up to her. The little boy did not know what to do. They were so far from home, and

A DELIGHTFUL DRIVE

Hattie said she couldn't possibly walk, her foot hurt so dreadfully. She was still crying when just then Harry saw Dick Meade coming down the street with his goat cart. How he wished he had never treated Dick badly, so he could ask him to lend him his cart now. He made up his mind he never would be mean to any boy again.

Dick came along whistling. As he passed he looked at Harry and his sister very hard. Harry did not look at him. He felt ashamed. All at once Dick turned his goat-cart around, and, leaving it in the road, came up to Harry.

'Hurt your foot?' he said to Hattie, who was holding it in both hands, and crying.

'Yes,—it hurts awfully, and I can't get home,' she said.

'Want to ride in my cart?' said Dick. 'Jake'll take you fast.'

Hattie stopped crying.

'Oh, yes,' she said.

'I'll take her home for you,' said Dick. 'We'll get there before you do.'

Harry tried to say 'Thank you.' Then, as they started off, he called out: 'You're a good fellow, Dick, and I'm never going to be mean to you again.' And Dick looked back and smiled.

Hattie's ankle was sprained, and it was some time before she could walk. Dick Meade came very often and took her for a little ride in his goatcart. He was so gentle that Hattie grew to love him dearly.

He and Harry became warm friends, and Harry wondered how he ever could have thought him mean.

If I Were You.

If I a little girl could be,
Well, just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue and shining hair
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say:
''Tis good to meet that child to-day.'
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive, with all my might,
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero—as in days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one looking at me say:
'My cheer and comfort all the day.'
'Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—'Independent.'

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 19.

Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda

John v., 1-15.

Golden Text.

And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles. John vi., 2.

Commit verses 8, 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 13.—John v., 1-15.
Tuesday, Feb. 14.—John v., 16-24.
Wednesday, Feb. 15.—John v., 25-29, 40-46.
Thursday, Feb. 16.—Mark ii., 1-12.
Friday, Feb. 17.—John vii., 16-26.
Saturday, Feb. 18.—Acts iii., 1-11.
Sunday, Feb. 19.—Acts ix., 32-35.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Purim was a rollicking, boisterous festival, the Jewish carnival. Jesus showed his humanness by attending it. He believed that the Hebrews' escape from Haman 'should never be forgot.' Putting himself in sympathetic touch with the joyousness of the hour gave him golden opportunity to declare himself and his message. No doubt he went to those places where the people most congregated, but he also visited one place most neglected and shunned, the lazar-house of Jerusalem. He exchanged the chatter of merrymakers for the low, endless, pitiful wail of the congregation of cripples in the five porches of Bethesda. His errand was to both the joyous and the jejune.

With the practiced eye of a connoisseur of misery he parcelled out the most abject, helpless and hopeless case—one bedridden thirty-eight years. The mind sharing the paralysis of the body must be roused from inane torpor by the electric shock of a surprising question. 'Wilt thou be made whole?' is an electric volt. The startled man begins to apologize to his Interlocutor as if he were being found vault with for letting his opportunities pass. His answer reveals his extremity. He is not only sick, but friendless.

'Rise!' 'Take up thy bed.' 'Walk!' are the imperatives of infinite power. The feeble human will is strangely energized. See a marvel! The withered limbs move. The soles of the feet are planted upon the ground. The man rises. He stoops, rolls up his mat. He walks!

The Pharisaical objection to the healed man carrying his bed on the Sabbath comes in like a burlesque. Unwittingly the cured paralytic sounds the note of contest between the young, reforming Rabbi and the venerable ecclesiastical establishment—a three years' battle—terminating in the bloody scene of Calvary.

Jesus had come to this feast with the set purpose to honor the ordinances of religion. But not less so was it his set purpose to break the traditions of the elders and the commandments of men. The scribes and Pharisees had taken the ceremonial law as a thread and had strung it full of the empty baubles of human ordinances. They were insincere and hypocritical. They heaped these intolerable obligations of their own devising upon the backs of other men, but they would not so much as put out the little finger to lift themselves. Jesus purposely crushed these empty and gilded beads of custom, but he never violated the law. He revered and kept it. He did this that all might see the difference between the commandment of God and the ordinance of man.

Jesus was after more important matters than the tithing of mint, annice, and cummin. He sought the weightier matters of the law—the evolution of moral and spiritual qualities in the human soul by means of which men deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly—the evolution of the kingdom of heaven within, whose essence is righteousness and whose concomitants are peace and joy.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

The classics are full of legends about fountains, but the Hebrew tradition of the 'Fount of Miriam' surpasses them all in spiritual significance. The story is that this is the fountain from which the Jews drank in the wilderness. After they occupied Canaan its waters flowed into the Sea of Galilee, and at the end of every Sabbath these same waters flowed out and mingled with the waters of all fountains.

It matters little what feast this was. The important truth is that Jesus went up to every feast. He might have claimed exemption. On the contrary he could challenge his critics, 'Which of you convicteth me of the sin of omitting a ceremony of the law?' Absentees from public worship find no encouragement in the example of Jesus.

On the other hand, extreme literalists, sticklers for technicalities, find no encouragement. Jesus was after substance, not shadow; spirit, not letter.

There is no lack of genuine sympathy with the individuals upon whom or for whom miracles were wrought. Yet the average reader can plainly see the symbolism of this and also the following miracle. They are scenic, pictorial, designed to show Jesus' relation to the soul. In the one instance he makes himself a Bethesda, a fountain of mercy for cleansing, and causes a well of water to spring up within. In the other he shows himself the Bread of Life, while at the same time he feeds the hungry.

This miracle marks the beginning of official hostility to Jesus. Of set purpose he continues his benign work of healing on the Sabbath-day. There are six recorded instances and probably many unrecorded.

It seems like irony to ask a man to stand on legs unused for thirty-eight years, and to carry a bed on which he was always carried himself. But this is an instance of impartation of power to the powerless.

'Wilt thou be made whole?' The question was needful. Miserable, not always willing to be healed, mendicants trade on their sores. Invalids traffic with the pity of their relatives. There are also 'spiritual valetudinarians.'

Crowding the pool is like frequenting the ordiances of religion. The Churches are full of spiritual paralytics. They do not doubt efficacy of grace, but have no expectation of themselves being made strong and useful.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

A feast: Probably not the Passover. St. John would never have called it a feast—probably Purim.—Camb. Bib. Is at Jerusalem: No evidence from present tense that gospel was written before destruction of Jerusalem.—Ibid. A pool: Water supply of the city a marvel—ten million gallons in store. Hebrew tongue: Aramaic, colloquial language—not Hebrew of Scripture.—Camb. Bib. Five porches: Colonades. Troubled the water: Omitted by best manuscript represented popular belief; added as a gloss; then inserted in text.—Ibid. Made whole: Work of God in medicinal spring, emblem of saving work of God in general.—Lange. Had an infirmity: Literally who had passed thirty-eight years in his infirmity.—Ibid. Wilt thou? More strongly, Dost thou will?—Ibid. Question of conscious power.—Lange. To put me in: Literally, to throw me in. The gush of water did not last long; no time for quiet carrying.—Camb. Bib. Rise: Attempting to rise after thirty-eight years of impotency was an open confession of faith.—Ibid. Not lawful: Ignore cure: Notice what can be attacked.—Ibid. He that made me whole: Natural defiance in first flush of recovered health.—Ibid. Authority of Wonder-worker put against theirs.—Tholuck. 'He that gave me strength told me how to use it:' Intuitively the great principle of Christian obedience laid down. If Chirst is Source of life, he is also Source of law.—Dods. What man is that? Contemptuous (fellow).—Camb. Bib. Unfavorable side of what had taken place brought out. Malicious persons always do that.—Alford. Conveyed himself away: Literally, swam out—graphic description of making one's way out of a crowd.—Camb. Bib. Afterwards: He did not see Jesus in the crowd: he saw him in the temple. A certain solitude necessary.—Augustine. Sin no more. Only general connection of sin with evil.—Lange.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 19.—Topic—Glorifying God in our homes. Eph. vi., 1-9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A COVENANT.

Monday, Feb. 13.—The angel guide. Ex. xxiii., 20, 21.

Tuesday, Feb. 14.—God's promise. Ex. xxiii., 22, 23.

Wednesday, Feb. 15.—God's command. Ex. xxiii., 24.

Thursday, Feb. 16.—More promises. Ex. xxiii., 25-31.

Friday, Feb. 17.—Wrong covenants. Ex. xxiii., 32, 33.

Saturday, Feb. 18.—Our Endeavor covenant. II. Chron. xv., 12.

Sunday, Feb. 19.—Topic—The story of a covenant. Ex. xxiv., 1-8; Ps. cv., 8-10.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Tolstoy to the Tsar—The 'Times,' London.
Escape of the Tsar—American Papers.
The Crisis in St. Petersburg—Special Despatch to the New York 'Sun.'
How the Crisis Arose—The 'Sun,' New York.
The Petition of the Russian Workmen—The Providence 'Journal.'
The Massacre at St. Petersburg—American Papers.
Military in Control—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The True Doctrine of Monarchy—The 'Spectator,' London.
What the President May Do—His Constitutional Powers—From an Address by Charles A. Gardner—American Papers.
Louise Michel—The 'Standard,' London.
The Question of the Cost of an Automobile—By Herbert L. Fowle, in 'Leslie's Monthly Magazine.'
The Primate on the National Church—The London 'Times.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Master of Music—In Memoriam Theodore Thomas, 1835—By Henry Van Dyke, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
An Early Estimate of Theodore Thomas—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Musicians' Conference—Some of the Speeches—The Manchester 'Guardian.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Patriotism, from the Russian of Lermontov—By J. S. Phillimore, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
On Toys and Other Allegories—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Cowper, the Castaway—By George A. B. Dewar, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
A Light of History—By E. G. H., in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Frederic Mistral—By Stoddard Dewey, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
The Death of a Genius—The 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Does School-Teaching Pay?—By Arthur Goodrich, in 'Leslie's Magazine.'
Luther Burbank, Wizard of Horticulture—The Man and His Work—New York 'Times.'
When is a Flower Not a Flower?—The 'Westminster Gazette.'

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Temperance

How Will You Vote.

Will you vote to keep open the tavern door?
Will you vote to increase its master's store?
Will you vote for crime, and woe?
Will you vote that the liquor may freely flow?
Till, instead of God's kingdom here below,
Hell's kingdom on earth may grow?

Will you vote that your child on the village street,
The drunkard's staggering form should meet,
And his filthy ravings hear ?
Till an oath shall seem a familiar thing,
And the lips that should glad hosannas sing
Speak words that defile the ear?

Will you vote that the tempters shall still betray,
And tempt your boys to the evil way,
That leads where the lost abide?
Nay! God forbid! In His name we pray,
Destroy them not with your vote to-day
For whom the Saviour died.

—'Waif.'

Why the Parson Signed the Pledge.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

(J. C., in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

John sat silent, every word a sword-thrust. So tightly-strung was the tension, that once, when Maggie looked at him, he fancied the glance was reproachful, and was almost on the point of crying out 'Why don't you blame me for it all?' But the visit came to an end at length, and they said 'good-bye,' and went back over the moors again.

But now the sun was not shining, and the birds were not singing, and John's gaze was bent on the ground, and they did not speak to each other.

CHAPTER III.

'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck, and that he were cast into the depths of the sea.'

It was early on Saturday morning that John heard the news.

'Maggie Redwold is dead.'

'No!' he cried. 'What?'

'Yes, sir,' said Patrick, 'an' I've come to ask if Miss Graham can go to see poor little Kittie, for she's 'most dazed with grief.'

'But Maggie dead?' cried John. 'She was all right yesterday afternoon, for I saw her then.'

"Twas her father 'as done it,' said Patrick. 'He come home last night, beastly drunk, and he hove his heavy boots at her, sir, an' she fell down an' never rose, nor spoke, any more. An' Jasper, 'e didn't know what 'e'd done till this mornin', for 'e slept all night, sir, an' poor little Kittie there in the bed, frightened to death, but couldn't move a bit.'

'Oh, no!' cried John. 'It can't be true.'

'Yes, sir,' said Patrick. 'And now the police have marched 'im off to Larnack jail, an' Mrs. Smith an' Mrs. Jones have gone over to pick up poor Maggie, an' I've been sent to ask if Miss Graham will come to speak to Kittie, for she's that wild, they can't do nowt wi' her.'

John staggered back into the house. Later on he found himself walking over the moors again with his aunt, but oh, on how different an errand.

The cottage was deadly still.

Kittie lay on the little bed in the corner, her eyes wide open, staring—her face white as ashes. Mary Graham kissed her and burst into tears.

John could not weep. His throat was red-hot, his head was a leaden weight, too heavy for him to carry.

Two women stood by the table, and on the table, covered with a white sheet, lay a draped figure.

'It can't be true,' John cried .

'Look, sir, this is where the boot struck 'er,' said one of the women, drawing back the sheet, and showing a red wound on the temple.

Poor Maggie! One more of the countless victims to the demon Alcohol!

Beautiful as she had looked in life, the poor girl looked more so in death, with the peaceful, noble expression, that had settled down on her features.

'Oh, Maggie, Maggie,' wailed Kittie. 'Oh, I can't bear it. Maggie! Maggie!'

'We must take her away from here,' said Mary Graham to John. 'There is no one here to care for her now. Let me take her home to the Parsonage.'

* * * * * * * *

Later in the day John found himself in the train. He had not rightly collected his thoughts yet, but one thing he would do—he would go and see Jasper in Larnack Gaol.

He found him in utter collapse.

'I've killed 'er, I've killed 'er,' he moaned.

'Will you forgive me?' John asked again and again. 'I ought to have stood by you and helped you to stick to your pledge, and looked after you, but I did not. Can you forgive me?'

But not a sign of recognition could he get from that demented figure, and he had at length to give up in despair.

The morrow was Sunday, but in the morning John found it impossible to preach—he could not have said a single word, and for the first time known to the people they went through the morning service without a sermon. But at night he managed to read out an ordinary sermon. Then, after the conclusion of the service, he detained the people.

'I have something I wish you to hear,' he said. 'I want to confess to you how I have been a blind leader of the blind, how I have failed to set a good example, and have been an unfaithful shepherd. I want to tell you how sorry I am that I have not understood you all better, and loved you more and tried to win, instead of to command, and to say that if you will all have patience I will strive to do better in the future. And—I lay all the blame of this terrible thing that has happened in our midst upon myself. And—God helping me, from this day forth I will never touch, taste, nor handle that accursed thing, Intoxicating Liquors, nor cease to witness against it in the pulpit and everywhere else. So help me God!' And the Spirit of the Lord came down with power, and the soul of the whole assembly was knit to that of the young preacher as David's to Jonathan's. And not a single eye was dry, from gentle Miss Graham's to Drayton's, the farmer's, and Patrick, the handy man's.

* * * * * * * *

It was Tuesday when they lowered poor Maggie's body into its last resting-place. Miss Graham stayed at home to comfort Kittie, but men, women and children came from far and wide to swell that funeral.

Often the young preacher's voice faltered as he went through the sad rite, and many a resolution was made beside that open grave, and kept, aye! till death.

And so we leave poor Maggie—'Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes!'—yes, but,

'He is the Resurrection and the Life.'

THE END.

A Prominent Man's Opinion.

I think that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might very well drink water or they might very well take food and would be very much better without the alcohol. If I am fatigued with overwork, personally, my food is very simple. I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. I have had a very large experience in that practice for thirty years.—Sir William Gull.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Germany's Drink Bill.

The people of Germany spend seventy-five millions of dollars a year on alcoholic drink, one-eighth, it is said, of all their earnings. That is the report of the royal commission of inquiry appointed to investigate the matter of the drinking habits of the people. And the commission further states that this drink bill of the German people is four times the income of the government from duties and taxes on food and drink, eleven times the budget of post telegraph services, twenty-nine times the cost of old age insurance, one thousand times the cost of poor relief, and considerably more than the cost of maintaining the army and the navy. These comparative figures are worth remembering and pondering.—'Religious Intelligencer.'

The Voice of Science.

I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol.—Sir W. Gull, M.D.

Alcoholic liquors are poisonous because they contain alcohol.—Frank Woodbury, M.D.

No other poison kills as quick, if enough is taken at once.—B. W. Richardson, M.D.

When people understand what alcohol is, and what it does, they will put it out of existence. —Willard Parker, M.D.

I can no more accept alcohol as food than I can chloroform or ether.—James Edmunds, M.D.

Alcoholic drinks are poisons in the same sense as are opium, arsenic, chloroform, etc., and should be sold under the same laws as these poisons.—N. S. Davis, M.D.

A Ravenous Wolf-Cub.

Long ago, when England was divided into kingdoms, there lived in the kingdom of Mercia a wood-cutter named Digby, with his wife and three children. One day when he was coming home from his work, he thought he saw a black dog among the brushwood. When he cleared the brushwood aside he saw that it was a wolf-cub. He thought he would take it home to play with the children. His wife, however, was not pleased to see it, because she knew it took all her husband's wages and all her hard work to get food for themselves, without the wolf. He sold all he had to get food for it, and at last he sold his axe. Soon after the wolf sprang upon the youngest child and ate it. Digby went to look for his axe to kill the wolf, but he remembered he had sold it. His wife thought he would part now with the wolf, but instead of that he was more anxious to get food for it. By and by it ate the other two children, and at last it ate his wife, and Digby was left himself with it, but would not put the wolf away. One day while Digby was sitting at the fireside the wolf sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces also. Such was the end of foolish Digby. Some men thought they would kill the wolf, but others said 'No—let it alone. It belongs to the king.' The wolf is still alive, and is going about the country trying to devour all he can. This wolf is Strong Drink.—'English Temperance Paper.'

The Man and the Snakes.

Once upon a time there lived a man who owned fifteen snakes. They were a continual source of trouble to him. They wriggled and crawled about his back yard making it dangerous for his family and friends. At last he decided to regulate them, so the man got a big box and bored fifteen holes in it and put the snakes therein, but the snakes got out of the box in short order. That was low license.

He then plugged up ten of the holes and put the snakes in again, but the fifteen snakes got out of the five remaining holes. That was high license.

In desperation the man gathered the snakes together and pitched them over the fence in his neighbor's yard, but some of them came back and annoyed him again, and it was still a dangerous thing for his children to play there. The question was still unsettled. That was local option.

After careful thought he struck a bright idea, and gathering the snakes together again, he took up an axe and cut off their heads, and the snakes troubled him no more. And that was prohibition.—H. W. Wilbur, in 'Sound Doctrine.'

Correspondence

Mimico, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and have a half a mile to go to school, and I go to Sunday-school too. I have four brothers and three sisters. I was away last Sunday, and also the Sunday before, at two different aunts, and I had a lovely time. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on Jan. 11. I have one pet, and it is a dog named Captain. The electric cars run in front of our house. We live on the banks of Lake Ontario. My grandpa used to live in the city of Montreal in 1832.

LILLIAN G. H.

Smith's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—My mamma takes the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school and am in the fourth reader. I have two sisters, but no brothers. My sisters' names are Bertha and Myrtle. Our dog's names are Berwill roll over for something to eat. I go to the M.E. Church and Sunday-school.

OLIVE E. S.

Stoke's Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old. I go to school, and I am in the senior third class. My favorite study is history. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and we get the 'Messenger' there, and I like to read it. I have one sister and five brothers. My sister is married.

ANNIE McD.

Dear Editor,—I think it is nice for boys and girls to write a letter to their paper. So I thought I would wrote one. I am pleased with so nice a paper. I think the language is nice. We all read it. Mamma reads it every time. Every home should enjoy it. The place we live in is Queen's County, fifty miles from the nearest city (St. John). It heads the river flowing by it. There are nine of us in our family, five brothers and one sister. Papa keeps a grocery store. I take music lessons, and like it very much. I am not so fond of reading as some of the writers of this paper say they are. My favorite story in this paper was 'Dalph and Her Charge.' We have a nice Sunday-school, and also a mission band. Our superintendent is my Sunday-school teacher, too.

MARGUERITE M. T.

Dunnville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister is in Camden, N.J., on a visit, and my father is in Toronto nearly all the time selling safes and desks. I like skating very much. My brother Frank was out West this fall and stayed nearly three months, and he liked it very much. We have relatives out near there, so he stopped with them a few days. The weather here has been pretty cold lately, but warmer today.

S. PEARL E.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. I go to school, and I am in the second book. I have two sisters and two brothers. My brothers' names are Robert and Frank, and my sisters' names are Etta and Allie. I have no pets at all. We have two horses and three cows. I am very fond of reading. I live in North Orillia. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. ROSELLA W. (aged 10).

Yearley.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We have a union Sunday-school a short distance from our place. At our Sunday-school we get the 'Messenger.' We have a very good library at our Sunday-school. I am nine years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the third reader. There are not very many going to our school. There is a very good library at our day school. I have only one grandma living, and my grandpa died last March. I have one brother and two sisters. One of my brothers died when he was six years old. ELSIE C.

South Rawdon, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. I have been reading some of the letters that other girls and boys have written. They are all very interesting. I always begin thinking about Christmas a good while before it comes around. We all ought to be thankful we do not live in some heathen land where they know nothing of Christ, and do not have Sunday or Christmas. Last Christmas time I was living in Boston. Now I am in Nova Scotia. This summer I came down to spend my vacation. I liked it so well I am going to stay all the winter. I am very fond of reading. My favorite books are the Elsie Books. I don't think Elsie was a bit too good.

NELLIE M. C. (aged 15).

Port Colborne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write you a letter. I live in the village of Port Colborne, which is situated on Lake Erie. Its population is about nineteen hundred. There are three dry goods stores, one hardware store, one jewellry store, three hotels, two drug stores, a blacksmith's shop and several other stores. I am very much interested in the continued story called 'The Golden Goblet.' I was very much disappointed to-day as I could not go to Sunday-school to get the 'Messenger,' as there is nearly a foot of snow on the ground. We have a season's ticket for the rink, and I go nearly every night. They are putting electric lights along the Welland Canal, which will make a great improvement to the place. They also made the canal larger and deeper.

ALMA M.

Port Colborne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and as I have seen so many interesting letters in the Correspondence Page, I thought I would write one too. I attend the Methodist Sunday-school. The Rev. Mr. D. is the pastor of the church. Port Colborne is situated on Lake Erie, and a good many boats are laid up here for the winter. Most of the boys and girls mention the book they have read, but I have read so many that I don't know which ones I like best. There is a summer resort only a short distance from here, called Solid Comfort, and people come from the Southern States in the summer. J. F.

Abingdon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. Abingdon is not a large place, but has two stores, a post-office, three churches, a schoolhouse, and a blacksmith's shop. I get the 'Messenger' every Saturday, and like reading the Correspondence and Little Folks' Pages best. In the last 'Messenger' you asked the ones who did not have letters in the 'Messenger' to write and say which letter we liked best. I think Geo. A. G.'s letter is the best, because it describes Niagara Falls and Brock's Monument. One thing that makes it more interesting is that we have been learning about Brock in our history.

CLARA S.

Stark's Corners, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the 'Messenger,' and found some nice little letters in it, so please excuse my first attempt in writing to you. I was born in Scotland, and have crossed the Atlantic three times (which is three thousand miles), and saw quite a few whales on the Newfoundland coast; also several very large icebergs floating. One was about two hundred feet high above the water, and it was just lovely. The air was very cold, because of the icebergs, although it was early in June. I am twelve years old, and I am in senior No. 4. We have a good teacher here. We are four miles from the nearest village. We have an English church, Presbyterian and a Baptist church. There is also a Templar's hall, the Orangeman's hall, cheese factory, school and one store, so shouldn't we be good? We have had lively times, as the election for member of Parliament is going on. The results have not come in yet.. We also get the 'World Wide,' and father and mother enjoy it well. Perhaps this letter is too long; if it is, please tell me, and I will not write so long a letter again. LINA R.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a little letter to your paper. I have two brothers, one named Alfred, aged thirteen years; and one named Arthur, aged nine years. I am eleven years old, and I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss G. The girl I sit with is N. M. I came from England when I was nine years old, so I do not know much about coming across the ocean. We started for Euston; from there to Liverpool. We had to wait there an hour, and then our boat came in. It was called the 'Tunisian.' We were almost the first on the boat. We had to go in front of a doctor when we got on board. The stewardess then told us the number of our cabin. Then we got ready for dinner, after which we went on deck and found some little playmates. I did not stay out very long, for I felt sick. This went on for five days, but I went on deck sometimes. On Sunday Dr. B. sang hymns, and we had a very nice service. The last day I got better, and the sailors gave us ropes to skip with, and we played till we were tired. We got to Halifax at two o'clock in the afternoon. We stayed in Halifax all night. We went on to Montreal in the morning on the nine o'clock train. We looked all around Montreal, and then went to an hotel and had dinner. About two o'clock we got on another train and came to Toronto. There we boarded for three days, and came from there to the country. We stayed there for five months. Then we came to Guelph, where we are living now. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school, where we get the 'Messenger.' I will now tell you about my trip to the Tower of London and St. Paul's. We went to the Tower first. We went in a room and saw a lot of armor. I saw King John's, King Richard's, King William's, that of the Black Prince, Queen Elizabeth, and Joan of Arc, and a great many others. There was a model of a wedding cake made with the swords they used to fight with. We went into another room, and saw all the jewellery. I saw a great many crowns. One of them was a crown that Queen Victoria was crowned with. I saw King Edward's crown. There were pearls, diamonds, blood-stones, emeralds, rubies and a great many others that I cannot name. There was a precious stone there belonging to Her Majesty. I also saw sceptres, and they were very pretty. Some of them had a dove on them made of pearl. I saw a lot of rings, bracelets, scarf pins, and watch-chains, as well as salt-cellars. They all were in large glass cases, with iron-rails around them. We went into a room and saw some of the soldiers marching for punishment because they had been misbehaving. Then we went into the grounds through the Traitor's Gate, where Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded. I also saw the room where the little princes were killed. We saw the Beefeaters and the Guards. We went from there to St. Paul's. I saw Dr. Livingston's grave and several of the great men's monuments. I also saw some of the Union Jacks that have been in several wars, and there were some with the threads hanging to the poles, but which meant a great deal. No man or boy is allowed to go in with his hat on. I have two grandmas and two grandpas living. My great-grandfather died since we have been out here. I must close now. I am one of your little friends.

GLADYS J.

Kelvin Grove, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' and as I saw my first one in print, I think I will try again. Most of your correspondents live near the seashore—at least, a great many do; but I do not. I would like to live near a river in winter to skate, and in summer to bathe. We live about half a mile from the Trout River. How quick Christmas and New Years' went by, and we did not have any skating. I love to skate, although I am not the best of skaters; but I can skate. We had a Christmas Tree Festival this year in the Sunday-school and the day school, in which I took part. I like to act on a platform now, but a few years ago it made me nervous when the chairman called out my own name. A great improvement has been made in this place during the last few years. A school has been here as long as I can remember, and a few years ago a butter factory was built, and this last summer we got a post-office which is named Kelvin Grove, and the telephone was put up along this road and into some of the farmhouses. I think the next thing we need is a church, as we have to go four miles to the church, and we do not get there very often in the winter; but we have a Sunday-school here six months every summer It is closed in the winter, however. Our school closed on December 22, and started on January 4. We will not have any more holidays now till the spring comes. We always get two weeks or sometimes three in the spring, on account of high water, as our school is situated on the bank of the Trout River.

TENA A. M. (aged 11).

$200.00 PRIZE OPEN TO ALL

Also Generous Discount and Large Commissions,

Two hundred Dollars will be awarded as a prize to the one securing the largest number of subscriptions before the end of May, 1905. This is a splendid chance for a student to earn

A Scholarship,

A European or Transcontinental Trip,

or, for anybody that prefers it,

The Gold Itself--a Little Gold Mine.

$200.00 will be awarded to the one sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for any of our publications (S. S. clubs to 'Messenger' excepted) before the end of **May, 1905.**

This competition opened some weeks ago, but has not been taken up at all generally yet, as so many take a long time to understand the value of such generous commissions and a prize of $200.00.

REMEMBER

The Prize will not interfere with the Discounts and Commissions, which in themselves are well worth working for.

Subscription Rates, Discounts and Commissions will be found below.

Those working for the prize must plainly write at the top of the lists the words "GOLD COMPETITION."

Latest Offers

SUPERSEDING ALL PREVIOUS OFFERS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Annual Rates on Individual Subscriptions.

DAILY WITNESS - - -	$3.00 a year
WEEKLY WITNESS - - -	1.00 a year
WORLD WIDE - - - -	1.50 a year
NORTHERN MESSENGER - -	.40 a year

Six Months Subscriptions at Half the above rate.

DISCOUNTS AND COMMISSIONS.

Discounts or Commissions on the above rates apply only to orders for three or more Subscriptions to the same publication. The first t ree subsciptions must be sent in at one time. After that subscriptions may be sent in as secured.

33⅓ % that is one third of the price is allowed in the case of **Renewal** Subscriptions.

50% that is one half of the price is allowed in the case of **New** Subscriptions.

SPECIAL CLUBBING RATES

For two or more publications to the same address.

Daily Witness....$3.00
and
World Wide..... 1.50
and
Northern Messenger .40

Worth...$4.90

All for $3.75.

Daily Witness....$3.00
and
World Wide..... 1.50

Worth...$4.50

Both for $3.50.

Weekly Witness..$1.00
and
World Wide..... 1.50
and
Northern Messenger .40

Worth...$2.90

All for $2.00.

Weekly Witness..$1.00
and
World Wide..... 1.50

Worth...$2.50

Both for $1.75.

Weekly Witness..$1.00
and
Northern Messenger .40

Worth...$1.40

Both for $1.30.

Six Months Trial Clubs at Half the Above Club Rates.

Samples and Subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

These offers are good in the following countries: Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs), Newfoundland, Great Britain, United States and its Colonies, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Island, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, New Zealand, Fiji, Jamaica, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar, Malta.
Postal Union Countries other than the above, postage extra.

HOUSEHOLD.

Friendship.

Would you have friends—five hundred, less or more,
Throw open wide your hospitable door;
Make it a creed—in which you will believe,
'Tis better far to give than to receive.

Why should you take around a microscope,
To spy upon the faults of friendly folk?
Far better for your peace to shut your eyes,
A trifling grievance causes many sighs.

And never on your friends in judgment sit,
Or try to prove that they are counterfeit.
Why should you keep a crucible to test
Which of your friends are truest, or the best?

If you are friendly, you are sure to find,
Some real friends who to your faults are blind.
Thank God for faith—far better be deceived
Than not in human hearts to have believed.
—Margaret Dooris, in 'Living Church.'

Early Impressions.

(The 'Christian Globe.')

When I recollect the strong and decided bias given in childhood to my own character by people and circumstances over which I had no sort of control, and against whose evil influence I could make no sort of resistance; when I suffer by the effect of impressions received in infancy, which neither time, reason, nor religion have been able to efface—which only sorrow could impair by bruising the tablet; knowing as I know the tender impressibility of infancy, feeling as I feel the indelibility of such impressions, I tremble for the unseen influences that may surround my own young children—ay, even for the chance word dropped by stranger lips, and heard by infant ears; for that word may be a fruitful seed that shall spring up into a healthful vine, or a Upas tree, twenty years after it is sown.

Infancy is a fair page, upon which you may write goodness, happiness, heaven! or sin and misery—and the words once written, no chemical art can erase them. The substance of the paper must be rubbed through by the file of suffering before the writing can be effaced. Infancy is the soft metal in the moulder's hands; he may shape it in the image of a fiend or the form of an angel, and when finished the statue hardens into rock, which nothing but God's providence can melt for remoulding.

It is very wrong to make remarks on the personal beauty or ugliness of children in their hearing. The effect is invariably injurious. It is highly reprehensible to draw invidious comparisons between the beauty of children, especially before their faces. This thoughtlessness is fraught with the direst consequences.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

To Separate Addresses.

Single copy.. .. .. 40c
Three copies to separate addresses $1.00
Four copies to separate addresses. 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

S. S. Clubs.

Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum.

Postage.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, also Cuba, Great Britain, Mexico, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

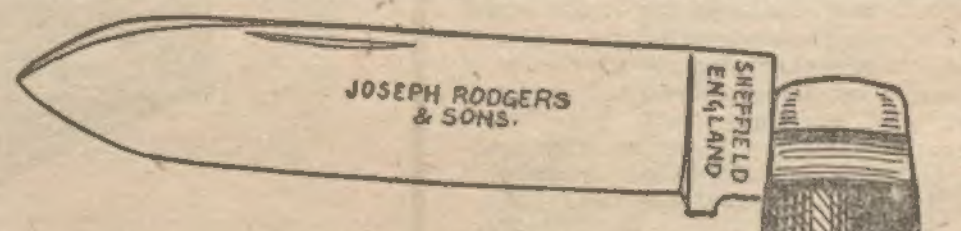
Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

RUPTURE CAN BE CURED

at home WITHOUT Pain, Danger, or Time From Work by the WONDERFUL DISCOVERY of an eminent Toronto Specialist. Rev. E. D. Sherman, Harrow, Essex County, Ontario, whose portrait here appears, is cured at 66 years, by the great Discovery of the Rupture Specialist, Dr. W. S. Rice, 2½ East Queen St. (Block 51), Toronto, Ont. To all Ruptured sufferers, who write at once, Dr. Rice will send FREE, his BOOK, "Can Rupture be Cured," and a FREE TRIAL of his DISCOVERY. Do not wait, write to-day.



The most serviceable and keen

KNIFE FREE.

Just for selling one dozen copies of our new century publication, 'World Wide,' at 5 cents each. A fifty cent certificate accompanies each copy. Sells at sight to the best people in each community. It is the cheapest and best of its kind. This offer is only made for the month of January.

This is a regular Man's Jack Knife, and any boy who gets it will have something to be proud of. Ask by post card for one dozen copies of 'World Wide,' and they will be sent immediately.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

It Plays Itself

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 41 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one song record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I'm going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 409 **Toronto**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE

SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speelee, Moss Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto.

When you say carelessly in their presence, that 'Anne is prettier than Jane,' and look at Anne as though her accidental beauty were a virtue, and look at Jane as though she were in fault, think that into the fertile soil of the children's hearts you have dropped the seeds of evil—the seed of vanity in the heart of Anne, the seed of envy into that of Jane, and the germ of discord into both.

How to be Loved in Old Age.

How seldom you see a lovable old woman, whose age is as beautiful as was the bloom of her youth! When you do, you wonder how it has happened. Well, this is how.

She learns how to forget disagreeable things.

She did not give way to her nerves, and inflict them on her friends.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

Imperial Cookies.—Rub into one quart of sifted flour three-quarters of a cupful of butter then stir in two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of cleaned currants, one-quarter of a cupful of cardied orange peel cut fine, the grated rind of a lemon and four large or five small eggs well beaten. With two forks place small rough heaps of the paste two inches apart on well-buttered shallow pans and bake in a moderate oven until well colored.—'Table Talk.'

Lemon Rice.—Boil sufficient rice in milk till soft, sweeten to taste, then pour into a mould to cool. Peel a lemon very thick, cut the peel into half-inch lengths, cover with water, boil for a few minutes, pour off water, cover with a cupful of fresh water, add juice, and sugar to sweet, then stew gently for two hours, after which allow to cool, when it will be a thick syrup. Turn the rice into a glass dish and pour the syrup over it.

Old-fashioned Jelly Roll.—An old-fashioned jelly roll is one of the most wholesome and delicious of cakes. Here is an infallible recipe: Beat to a cream three eggs and half a pint of sugar. Sift together one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a pint of flour. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in three teaspoonfuls of water and add it to the eggs and sugar; stir it in well; then stir in the flour when the mixture is perfectly smooth; put it in two well-buttered oblong or square baking tins. Spread the mixture as evenly as possible in the tins and bake to a delicate brown in a moderate oven. Lay a towel on the table and turn the cakes on it, bottom side up. Spread them evenly with jelly, roll the cakes up quickly and wrap them closely in the towel.—'Commercial Advertiser.'

That $200 Cash.

It seems hardly possible that our subscribers realize that we are going to give two hundred dollars to the one sending us the largest amount of subscription money before May 31, 1905. And when it is remembered that this valuable prize is over and above the large commissions that we offer at the same time it is still harder to understand why so few are working for the prize at all, and why those few are doing so little to earn it. See the announcement on another page, and write us if you wish to work in your locality.

A Thing Worth Knowing

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No need of applying burning plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Soothing, balmy, aromatic oils give safe, speedy and certain cure. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, womb, mouth, stomach; large tumors, ugly ulcers, fistula, catarrh; terible skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated by the application of various forms of simple oils. Send for a book, mailed free, giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

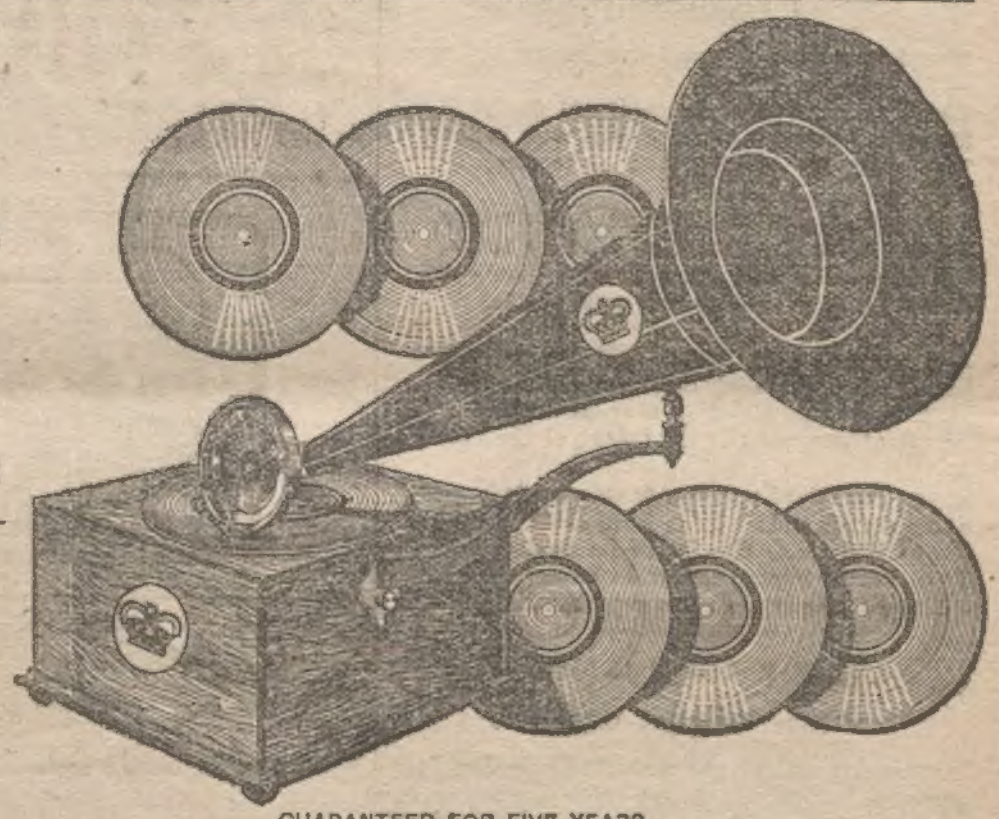
EARN OVER $10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvassing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

THE BABY'S OWN

$12 BUYS THIS $20 OUTFIT

$1 Sends it to Your Home



GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS

Our $1 Offer A payment of only $1 and your promise to pay the balance ($11) in five and a half monthly payments of $2 each will buy the new Crown Melophone, guaranteed to be equal in every respect, and superior in many important respects, to machines sold for $17 without records, also a Needle Box, 500 finest quality Diamond Steel Needles, and six brand new Seven-inch, 50 cent Records—good $20 value for only $12 on easy payments or $10 cash.

Description The new Crown Melophone is a handsome instrument, substantially made, and so simply constructed that a child can easily operate it. It can be wound while running, and will play any make or size of disc record. It has a beautifully polished oak cabinet fitted with a real talking machine motor (not clock-work motor) with worm gearing. It has the new combination brake and speed regulator, the regular standard full size sound box. The horn is 15 inches long, finely nickel-plated and red lacquered on the inside. Its unusual length, improved shape and extra large bell, 9 inches in diameter, rounds out the tones beautifully, so that when they issue from the horn they are loud, full, clear, musical, very distinct and as sweet as a bell.

The Records Are noted for their superior quality, great volume, clearness and brilliancy of tone. There are hundreds of titles to choose from including solos on all the different instruments, band and orchestra selections, comic, sentimental and coon songs, hymns, chimes, bells, sacred music, duets, quartettes, sketches, minstrels, talking, whistling and dialect records.

What entertainment have you for these long dull evenings? Just think for a minute how happy one of these Outfits would make your family; what a treat to have in your home—the finest music ever played, the sweetest songs ever sung, the best stories ever told. It plays for dancing; it keeps the young folks home at night.

We really cannot say too much in praise of this new talking and singing machine. It is the latest product of the Talking Machine Art, embracing every improvement. There is not a machine in Canada that can approach it at anywhere near the price. And remember we guarantee it for five years. The reason we can make such a liberal offer is because we control the entire output of one of the largest factories in the world in this particular machine.

A Last Word If there is any further information you would like, write us and we will gladly give it. If not fill out the coupon and mail it to us. Don't delay. We have been receiving so many orders lately that the factory has had hard work to keep up with the demand, so if you wish yours to be filled promptly, send in the coupon at once and we will guarantee a picked and well tested instrument. Understand you run no risk. If the outfit does not come fully up to your expectations you can return it to us, and we will refund your dollar. If you wish to take advantage of the cash price, send $1 just the same and we will ship the outfit C.O.D. to your nearest express office. Then when thoroughly tested and found perfectly satisfactory, you can pay the express agent the balance, $9, and express charges. Address,

COUPON

JOHNSTON & CO.,
191 Yonge St., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed find $1.00 as first payment on one Crown Melophone and Outfit. If perfectly satisfactory in every particular, I agree to pay you $2.00 a month for five and a half months. If unsatisfactory, it is understood that I can return the Outfit and this order will be cancelled.

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....
Age.....
Nearest Express Office.....

N.M., 2—10

JOHNSTON & CO., 191 YONGE ST.
TORONTO, CANADA
CANADA'S LARGEST AND LEADING TALKING MACHINE DEALERS

THIS HANDSOME FUR SCARF

LADY'S OR GIRL'S SIZE
also a Beautiful
Pearl and Diamond Ring
Will be Given

FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 packages of our

SWEET PEA SEEDS

at 10c. each. The packages are extra large size, beautifully colored and contain the finest mixture in the world, **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers deliciously fragrant in endless combinations of beautiful colors.

Send no Money

simply drop us a card with your name and address and we will mail the 20 packages postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $5.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any girl or lady to get a handsome, stylish fur without spending one cent. They are made in the very latest style for 1905, so that they will be sure to be fashionable all next winter as well.

An Extra Present Free. If you will write for the seeds at once and be prompt in selling them and returning the money, we will give you free in addition to the Fur Scarf a handsome 14k gold finished Ring set with large beautiful Pearls and Diamonds, exact reproductions of the genuine stones; none but experts can tell it from a costly ring. Write to-day and have the first chance of selling our seeds in your neighborhood. Address, **The Seed Supply Co.**, Department 440 Toronto, Ont.

THIS BEAUTIFUL FUR STOLE

Over 6 Feet Long

FREE

Don't Send us One Cent

All you have to do is to send us your name and address so that we can mail you 2½ dozen packages of our fast-selling fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10 cents each. They are the largest and most beautiful packages ever sold for 10 cents. Each one contains over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant in hundreds of beautiful colors. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this elegant, fashionable stole that reaches nearly to the knees, made of beautiful imitation Sable Fur, very fine, soft and rich, and ornamented with silk cords and large, beautiful brush tails, as shown in the picture. These handsome scarfs lead all others for durability and richness, and are positively the most expensive ever given away by any company. Ladies, don't suffer with the cold when you can get such an elegant warm fur for a few minutes' easy work. Don't be envying your neighbors their new furs when you can have the dressiest and most fashionable in your neighborhood in a few days if you will write us at once. Don't delay—the first one to have our seeds has the best chance. Address, **THE DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 420 Toronto**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

FREE Steam Engine

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. large beautiful, fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest, prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color. They sell like hot cakes. Boys, this is the biggest Engine ever given away. Write to-day and be the first to sell our Seeds. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 413 Toronto**

14K GOLD WATCH FREE

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you post-paid 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds,** to sell for us at 10c. a package. **(A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.)** Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this elegant Watch, with heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. W. Cottingham, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I am very much pleased with my watch and would not take $5.00 for it." Boys, don't wait, but send us your name and address to-day. You can easily sell the Sweet Pea Packages in half an hour as they are the largest, the best, and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 418 Toronto.**

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE

To Ladies and Girls

The Latest Style

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable, with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 20 of our large, beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Our Sweet Pea Packages are positively the largest, the best and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. Send us your name and address and we will mail the seeds postpaid. When sold, return the money and we will send you a handsome Lady's or Girl's Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer when the furriers were not busy. Write at once before your neighbors buy their Spring Seeds. Address The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 446 Toronto

LADIES' ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

For selling at **10c.** each only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Spence, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty and reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jeweled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses** and **leaves** in natural colors. Della Shaw, Wharton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty." Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 450 TORONTO, ONT.**

Boys' Watch Free

We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled **"1904 CARICATURED"** just published, at ten cents each. A 50 cent certificate given free with each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last many years with care.

There is nothing on the market that compares with **"1904 CARICATURED,"** and it is so cheap that there is no trouble in selling it, especialy with the fifty cent certificate thrown in. We printed thirty thousand of these the other day and twenty-three thousand are already sold. Write for your dozen of **"1904 CARICATURED"** to-day. A post card will bring them by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

'Oaklawn.'
St. Louis Station, Que.,
Jan. 27, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I have received the watch which you offered as a premium for selling one dozen copies of '1904 Caricatured,' and wish to let you know that I am delighted with it, for it is a timekeeper, not a mere toy. I sold all the papers between home and the school I attend, which is about a mile distant, and those on whom I called seemed pleased to get a copy.

Thanking you for so useful a present,
I am, yours truly,
WALLACE H. BLACK.

50 BULBS 25 Cents.

Will grow in the house or out of doors.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Fuchsias, Oxalis, Jonquils, Daffodils, Dewey Lily, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, Chinese Lily, Begonia, Gloxinia, Lilies of the Valley—all postpaid, 25c. in stamps or coin. As a premium with these Bulbs we will send **FREE** a giant collection of flower seeds — over 200 varieties. Address, **Hillside Nursery, Somerville, Mass.**

BEAUTIFUL LADY'S WATCH AND RING FREE

Write us for 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world, **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful little Watch with Solid Silver Nickel case highly polished, the back elegantly enamelled in colors, fancy porcelain dial, dainty figures, Gold hands, and a reliable imported movement, also a beautiful Gold-finished Ring set with large Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds if you write us at once and are prompt in selling the Seeds. Address The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 434 Toronto

EARN THIS WATCH.

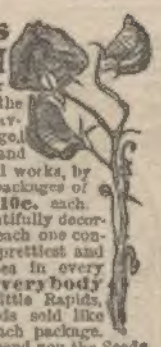
With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

Drop us a Post Card to-day.

Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a horse is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only twenty large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys them. Roy Butler, Hensonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the packages post paid. Charles Wickham, Ridgetown, Ont., says: "I received my watch and it is far ahead of my expectations. It is a splendid time and I am perfectly delighted with it." Address Prize Seed Co., Dept. 469 Toronto.

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Write us a post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT.** 455 **TORONTO, Ont.**

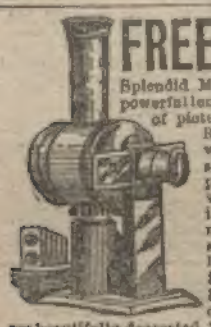
FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept.** 415 **Toronto**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

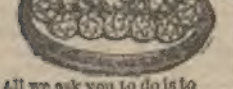
FREE
FREE
FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Melcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 482 **Toronto.**



FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both the Lantern and Engine. The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT.** 402 **TORONTO, ONT.**



VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept.** 411 **Toronto, Ont**

THIS HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Lady's or Girl's Size

Will Be GIVEN FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 of our

COOK BOOKS

At 10c each.

They are all beautifully printed, handsomely bound in very attractive covers, and each one contains **739 Choice Recipes.** Every housekeeper will be glad to buy one. They are fully worth 25c. and we have sold thousands of them at 15c each. At only 10c each you can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any girl lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the rest of the Winter and next winter as well, without spending one cent.

Address, **THE MAXWELL CO.,**
Dept. 489, Toronto.

Boys and Girls Get This FREE

SINGS
TALKS
LAUGHS
PLAYS
WHISTLES
IMITATES

This is an Honest Business Proposition to Boys & Girls who want to earn a real **Graphophone** by giving us one hour of their time. It is not a "fake" for we do just what we say, and will give $100.00 to any person who can prove to the contrary. It is not a toy instrument run by a crank, but a genuine clock work Graphophone that plays all the latest songs and music equal in tone to any $50.00 machine made. All you have to do is to send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 3 doz. of our large, beautiful, fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are the largest packages ever sold for 10c. and each one contains the finest mixture in the world, **Over 60** different varieties, all large, flowering, sweet smelling, beautifully colored. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you this full size **real Self-Playing Graphophone.** It is a handsome instrument, strong, well made and fit for any parlor. It has a full size aluminum reproducer, in every respect the same as those furnished on the highest priced Graphophones, and as a detached part sells for $5.00. The speed regulator, governor springs and bearings are exactly the same as in $50.00 machines. With every Graphophone we give free one Musical and one Song Record, your choice from hundreds of selections including Bluebell, Hiawatha, Bedella, Always in the Way, Evening Chimes in the Mountains, Old Black Joe, Farmyard Medley (with farmyard and faunal imitations), Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs Murphy's Chowder, Japanese War March, Band Selection, The Bugler's Dream, Banjo Solos, etc. We know every boy and girl will be delighted with this Graphophone. You can entertain your family and friends and make lots of money giving concerts. Write to-day. Address The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 495 Toronto

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed; complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Best thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 15 of our large, fast-selling, beautifully-colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world, to sell at 10c. each. Return us the money received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write to-day, **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT** 417 **TORONTO, ONTARIO**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with 10 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring**, also a **Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Spretes, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 401, Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Fownsen, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT.** 414, **TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

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